

WAEC & NETWORK

S T R A N G E

( ) ( )  
7:30 - 7:45 PM

SEPTEMBER 7, 1955

WEDNESDAY

(40 SECOND DELAY)  
(CHINESE GONG)

ANNCR: The story you are about to hear is true, but.....

(ECHO) STRAAAAANGE!!

(MUSIC:. . .THEME. . .)

HOWARD: As you requested, Inspector, I have brought a portfolio  
of the posters available in connection with my act.

GRADY: Good! Let's have a look, Mr. Howard !

(A HEAVY BOOK DROPPED ON DESK AND OPENED)

HOWARD: There are a great many in here. Perhaps if you told me  
exactly what you have in mind....?

GRADY: I'd like as nearly a perfect likeness of you as possible..  
preferably in a weird light. If you've got one that's  
just a portrait....I mean, without the Indian rope tricks  
and all that stuff in the background....

HOWARD: I think I can oblige. (HE FLIPS SEVERAL PAGES) Something  
like this?

GRADY: (DELIGHTED) Say! That's perfect! You look as though  
you'd just come back from the dead!

(MUSIC:. . .HIT. . .)

ANNCR: ABC RADIO NETWORK presents.....STRANGE....stories of  
adventures in the unusual....with your narrator, famous  
author, lecturer, and authority on psychic phenomena.....  
Walter Gibson.

(MUSIC. . .OUT. . .)

GIBSON: Detective Ray Howard had been assigned to investigate a series of warehouse robberies, in a building owned by Arthur Albion. Inspector Tom Grady, his superior, had instructed him to check first at the Albion office. Instead, Tom had gone directly to the warehouse. Checking doors, he found a truck entrance open....and the lock had not been broken.

(BIG DOOR ROLLED BACK)

(NO PAUSE) Inside, a truck was parked at a loading platform, and Ray caught a glimpse of a man ducking behind a pile of boxes.

RAY: (UP) All right.....come on out of there! (BRIEF PAUSE)

(ONE SHOT)

One warning shot is all you get, brother!

ALBION: (OFF AND UP, SCARED) Don't shoot again!

(OFF....HURRIED MOVEMENT AS HE COMES INTO THE OPEN)

RAY: Over here! Shake it up!

ALBION: (COMING ON) I'm coming! Please! Put down that ....gun!

RAY: Let's get some light on you!

(FLICK OF SWITCH)

What's the name!

ALBION: (STAMMERS) Arth....Arthur Albion.

RAY: Albion!

ALBION: I'm.....I'm the owner of this warehouse.

RAY: (NARROWING HIS EYES) Yeah.....I know.

ALBION: If....if you just won't shoot...go ahead and take anything you want.

RAY: (HARD) I'm a cop, Albion! You know it!

ALBION: (BREATHLESS LAUGH) I.....I didn't! But I'm sure glad to hear it.

RAY: Come off it! What are you doing....loading stuff onto that truck!

ALBION: (INNOCENTLY) I wasn't! The truck was left here....partly loaded. I only stopped in to check around....after all these robberies, you know....

RAY: Look, bud, I personally saw you putting a carton on the tail gate of that truck. No more arguments....come along and we'll talk it over at headquarters!

ALBION: (INDIGNANTLY) I've never been talked to this way in my life! The idea that I'd steal from my own warehouse.....!

RAY: Move!

(SLOW STEPS)

ALBION: There'll be plenty of trouble about this! In the meantime you might do me the courtesy of dropping that gun! I'll come with you to headquarters...in fact it'll be a pleasure to go down there and make you eat your words!

RAY: All right, we'll forget the gun....but you'll do some awful fast talking to explain your way out of this. Go ahead.... through the door in front of me.

ALBION: (STIFFLY) Thank you. If you don't mind I'll just cut the light switch and save some current.....

(LIGHT SWITCH CLICKED)

RAY: (IMPATIENTLY) Let's go.....let's go.....I've got....  
(BREAKS)

(A SHOT)

(RAY STAGGERS AND GROANS) Albion! You....dirty.....

ALBION: (COLD) You were right....I would have trouble explaining this truck away....

(A SECOND SHOT)

...but with you dead it won't be necessary.

(RAY DROPS TO THE GROUND AND ROLLS ABOUT)

ALBION: Still kicking? Forgive me for being such a poor shot...

RAY: (LAST BREATH) I'll get you, Albion...I'll come back and...

(GASPS)....get you....

ALBION: (HARSH LAUGH) I doubt that very much. Not after this one...(SHOT)....right through the temple.

(RAY GIVES A FINAL FLOP AND LIES STILL)

ALBION: (GIVES HIM A KICK AND SAYS WITH A SMILE) No....I don't expect to hear again from anybody as dead as you are..... copper!

(MUSIC .....) \_



GIBSON: Ray Howard's body was discovered by warehouse workers the following morning, and there was no immediate reason for Inspector Grady to direct suspicion at Arthur Albion. But the warehouse robberies stopped, and no further leads to the crime were forthcoming. Many months passed. Then Inspector Brady attended a convention in Chicago which proved to be the turning point. While there, something impelled him to attend a theater where a well known magician was playing; and after the show he hurried backstage to meet the man.

HOWARD: (SITTING DOWN) You will excuse me, Inspector, if I remove my makeup while we talk?

GRADY: Go right ahead.

HOWARD: Good. ( HE STARTS TAKING OFF MAKE-UP) And what is this news you have of my brother?

GRADY: He's dead.

HOWARD: (DROPS A JAR ONTO THE DRESSING TABLE) Dead!

GRADY: Killed in line of duty, five months ago.

HOWARD: Why was I not notified.

GRADY: Ray kept his private life to himself. We didn't know he had any family at all.

HOWARD: I see. (PAUSE) And you only recognized me as Ray's brother when you saw me on the stage?

GRADY: I'll tell you the truth.. when you walked onto the stage I thought I was seeing Ray's ghost.

HOWARD: Ah? We are still that much alike?

GRADY: Identical. Same voice, too.

HOWARD: (SAD SMILE) That was the case when we were small boys. Almost no one could tell us apart. (COLLECTS HIMSELF) But it does no good to think of the past, does it. Ray is dead.. (SUDDEN THOUGHT) I assume his murderer has been found...?

GRADY: No.

HOWARD: (FROWNS) No? But surely you have been working on the case..

GRADY: We haven't had a thing but hunches to go on. I'm playing a hunch right now when I ask you to help.

HOWARD: Of course I'm anxious to do anything I can.

GRADY: All right.. how would you like to do a show in our town?

HOWARD: A show? This is all you ask?

GRADY: That's all. We're opening a new municipal auditorium in two months time. Who better to headline the show than The Great Howard?

HOWARD: I'm flattered at the offer, Inspector, but I should like to help more directly.

GRADY: You will... I think. Remember.. I'm just playing a hunch. There'll have to be some ground-laying before you turn up back there.

(MUSIC: . . . . .)

GIBSON: Returning to his headquarters, Inspector Grady's first act was to get Arthur Albion on the telephone.

GRADY: This is Grady, Mr. Albion. (BEAT) No, nothing that's really new.. officially. I just wanted to ask.. have you noticed anything strange around the warehouse lately? (PAUSE) (THEN, ALMOST APOLOGETIC) I didn't know whether to mention this or not, because it sounds downright crazy. On the other hand, it happened to one of my best men.. I've got to believe what he says. (BEAT) We-ell, it was just this. I've had men stopping around your warehouse from time to time... just keeping an eye on it.. and the other night Mahoney pulled in there late. About two in the morning. Everything seemed locked up all right and he started to leave. Then he saw a man come around the corner of the building. Mahoney hollered at him and he didn't answer, so then Mahoney threw the spotlight on him. (PAUSE) Well, no, we haven't got him down here now. He stood in the spotlight for maybe ten seconds and then disappeared. (PAUSE) (THEN QUIETLY) I don't think firing at the man would have done any good, Mr. Albion. Mahoney swears up and down... it was Ray Howard.

(MUSIC: . . . )

GIBSON: That story was pure fabrication on Grady's part.. told on the theory that it couldn't do any harm and might do a lot of good. He didn't follow it up.. just left it with Albion to think about.

(MORE)

GIBSON:  
(CONT) A month later, the Great Howard - Ray's brother - made a special visit at headquarters on Grady's request.

(DOOR CLOSE)

GRADY: (GETTING UP) Glad to see you again, Mr. Howard..

HOWARD: (COMING FORWARD) As you requested, Inspector.. I have brought a portfolio of the posters available in connection with my act.

GRADY: Good. Let's have a look.

(A HEAVY BOOK IS DROPPED ON THE DESK AND OPENED)

HOWARD: (FLIPPING THE PAGES) You see they are all designed to catch the eye.

GRADY: That's pretty apparent.. but I'm looking for one that will catch the eye of one man in particular.

HOWARD: My brother's murderer, I assume.

GRADY: Exactly.

HOWARD: There are a great many in here. Perhaps if you told me what you have in mind...?

GRADY: I'd like as nearly a perfect likeness of you as possible.. preferably in a weird light. If you've got one that's just a portrait... I mean, without the Indian rope tricks and all that stuff in the background..

HOWARD: I think I can oblige. (HE FLIPS SEVERAL PAGES)  
Something like that?

GRADY: (DELIGHTED) Say. That's perfect.

HOWARD: Just the head and shoulders.. no background, as you requested.



GRADY: (RUBBING HIS HANDS) And you look as though you'd just come back from the dead. We'll plaster the town with it.. and we'll make sure that one of them gets spread on the warehouse where your brother was killed.

HOWARD: This is all very fascinating, Inspector, but I'm uncertain as to your plan.

GRADY: My plan may be downright crazy, Mr. Howard.. if the commissioner heard of it he'd have me back on the beat. (BEAT) I'm hoping to scare a man into confessing a crime we can't prove.

HOWARD: Obviously, you have a particular man in mind.

GRADY: Between us.. I'm pretty certain your brother was killed by Arthur Albion.. the man who owns the warehouse that Ray was trying to protect.

HOWARD: But you told me you had nothing to go on.

GRADY: Nothing that would stand up in court. But we know the warehouse was opened with a key that was made for its lock. We know there are only three keys to that lock. The warehouse manager has one.. the foreman of the crew that works there has one.. and Albion's got the third. We checked and double checked on the whereabouts of all three the night Ray was murdered.

HOWARD: Ah! And Mr. Albion is the only one whose movements are in doubt.

GRADY: Right. But in this state you can't hang a man on doubt. I need a confession.. and I thought there was just a chance it might work if.. we seemed to bring Ray Howard back from the dead.

(MUSIC: . )

GIBSON: Shortly after the posters went up, Grady had at least an inkling that things were going as he wanted them to.

ALBION: (ON THE PHONE, HIGHLY EXCITED) Inspector Grady this is Albion. Somebody's smeared a poster all over the side of my warehouse. It... it.. (BEAT) Why? It keeps staring at me and.. (ANGRILY) I want it down, that's all... I want it down.

(MUSIC: . . .)

GIBSON: Then.. the night before the Great Howard was to appear at the Municipal Auditorium, Inspector Grady arranged for him to meet Arthur Albion. But.... Mr. Albion was not advised of it. He was simply waiting in his office after closing hours, expecting to have a call from Inspector Grady. And when the office door opened..

(THE DOOR OPENS, OFF, AND SLOWLY)

ALBION: (UP, HEARTY) Come right in, Inspector.. you're a little early (HE BREAKS OFF)

RAY: (OFF, WEIRD) It's not the Inspector, Albion.

(THE DOOR CLOSES, OFF)

ALBION: (STANDS ABRUPTLY, TIPPING HIS CHAIR) Y-you!

RAY: (STAYS OFF) Remember, me, huh?

ALBION: (HALF FROZEN WHISPER) Ray Howard!

RAY: (STARTS TO MOVE FORWARD, SLOWLY) I decided to come back and see you, Albion..

ALBION: Just.. like you said you would.

RAY: And invite you to join me...

ALBION: No! No! (TO EVEN HIGHER PITCH) Don't come any closer.

RAY: (GETTING NEAR) Give you a personal invitation to join me.

ALBION: No! Get away! Get my gun ... (PULLS OPEN DESK DRAWER)  
Now get away, hear me? Get away. (SHRIEKS) Get away!  
(HE FIRES REPEATEDLY)

RAY: (FADING) Personal invitation ... to join me  
(OFF ... DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

GRADY: (RUSHING ON) Drop the gun, Albion ... drop it!  
(ONE SHOT)  
(BODY FALL)  
(PAUSE)

(WALKS UP TO THE BODY) Sorry, Albion ... you shouldn't have pointed that gun at me!

HOWARD: (OFF) Hello! What's all this!

GRADY: (WHIRLING TO FACE HIM) Holy cow, Mr. Howard, after all the shots Albion poured at you I never expected to find you alive.

HOWARD: (COMING FORWARD) What on earth are you talking about!

GRADY: (IRRITABLY) You can cut the act now. Although by George you're a real magician to live through that shooting.

HOWARD: (PATIENTLY) Inspector Grady ... I honestly don't know what you're talking about. I heard shots as I came into the building ... but just this second arrived here in this office ... for the first time.

(MUSIC: ... CURTAIN)

GIBSON: Was it Arthur Albion's imagination that conjured up the figure of Ray Howard?...or was it, in fact, the dead detective's spirit returning....as promised? But, Arthur Albion died for the murder he had committed!

(MUSIC:..\_STAB..\_..\_)



GIBSON: Tomorrow I'll bring you another story of the  
supernatural! \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

A story, true, but strange.

(MUSIC: ... THEME AND UNDER)

ANNCR: Tune in tomorrow and every weekday over most of these  
stations at this same time for Walter Gibson, your expert  
on the supernatural. Stories of ghosts -- of spirits,  
werewolves and voodoo. And each story you hear is  
true, but --

(MUSIC: ... OUT)

ANNCR: (ECHO) STRAAAANGE.

(MUSIC: ... TAG)

ANNCR: STRANGE, with Walter Gibson as your expert, was directed  
by \_\_\_\_\_.

\_\_\_\_\_

and \_\_\_\_\_

This is \_\_\_\_\_

STRANGE came to you from New York.

(TWO SECOND PAUSE)

THIS IS ABC ... RADIO NETWORK.